



THE GREENHOUSE

**WRITTEN BY STEVEN BOWMAN
AND
INSPIRED BY KATIE CHRISTY**

THE GREENHOUSE

Written by Steven Bowman

AND

Inspired by Katie Christy

I want to thank my cousin Katie Christy for this inspiration for this 2016 novelette. She's my inspiration, and for that, I love her. She's the most wonderful and most beautiful woman in my life. She's going to be this for my whole life. There's a moment in my life that I've seemed to start my unleashed world of being a novelist in this writing world. Katie Christy, you're the most meaningful person when it comes to my writings, and I'll always think of you whenever I'm becoming famous for my writings, thanks for being in my life.

Steven Bowman
The Greenhouse, 2016

*This book was written in
my loving memory of Marie Olive Christy,*

May God bless you, Nanny,

R.I.P.

Aug. 27th, 1944 - Aug. 22nd, 2013

PREFACE

“The Greenhouse” is a book about a man named Mr. Pryce, his friends and their family members. No one knows his actual real first name besides himself. I wrote this book in inspiration from my beloved cousin Katie Christy. I’ve chosen this subject of *“The Greenhouse”* because there are many specific factors I’ve learned by the different parts of the plants and their growth patterns and how to learn about the different cultures and languages that every character has. This book is a work of fiction that was inspired by the wonderful Katie Christy and written by me the author of the book.

“The Greenhouse” is run by a man that is in his early forties named Mr. Pryce, and his friends and their families from different parts of the world. The purpose of *“The Greenhouse”* is fictionalized and revolves around a made-up city called Blackthorne, England, the United Kingdom in 1950.

What I learned about this book is that you can learn a lot from the different languages and cultures of the friends, families, and people that come into Mr. Pryce’s life. I felt excited and proud to have my wonderful cousin be inspired by this wonderful work of my first book ever, and it is entirely my greatest honor to write such a book as this one.

Many insights have to be acknowledged by the many characters that partake of this story, like how Mr. Pryce allowed many of the people into his property and various friends and their families. Another insight may be that it is proven that you could learn a lot from the different characters and their languages and where they came about to be.

I've changed over this book and how it comes to be over the differences in many of the people who inherit Mr. Pryce's lawn and greenhouse. My acknowledgments go out to my cousin Katie Christy, for the inspiration for this wonderful book. I want to thank my friends and family for this and hope to do more writing yet to come.

ONE

Early in the summer of 1950 in the town of Blackthorne, lived a man named Mr. Pryce. When he was settling into his greenhouse, a boy named Forrester Cahill came into his greenhouse. This boy was short, only the height of 4 feet 2 inches and chubby.

And the boy was pale, had numerous freckles; his hair was short but reddish. He asked Mr. Pryce if he's opening his greenhouse and he told him it will be opening soon, and this boy was the rightful age of eight. In the past, he visited his greenhouse ever since he was five.

The man opened his greenhouse, and he went in, now this boy was carrying a medium-sized plant of the name *Gladiolus* and he placed it into the hole that was about a foot deep in the ground. The man taught Forrester how to water plants and how to give it pure sunlight.

The boy liked how the man taught him the idyllic of the plants and their growth patterns. Once the boy was done, he went off in the distance and came back with a friend. Now, this friend was a girl who was the age of twelve. She was a beautiful girl; her name was Poppy Reed, and she didn't know about this greenhouse.

She was a mid-sized, only the height of 5 feet 1 inch, normal and she was from the Mediterranean; she had light blonde hair and had green eyes. Now she wanted to become a part of this greenhouse, so she asked him if she could come into his greenhouse and so he let her in.

Mr. Pryce was forty-four, and he was normal, only the height of 5 feet 10 inches; he was scrawny but muscular and was English. You may say he's trouble seeing, but with his Glaucoma; he could feel his way throughout the greenhouse and he has white hair. The girl came in and out of his greenhouse with dirt on her arms and that made Mr. Pryce growled angrily towards her.

She noticed that it did so, and she stopped, meanwhile later in the day came along the afternoon, the boy and girl were hungry from planting throughout this morning and he had nothing to give them. The girl came up to call her mother Violetina, so she did so.

Violetina is the age of thirty-one; tall and the height of 6 feet 1½ inches, muscular and she's from the Mediterranean. She has strawberry blonde hair and has hazel eyes.

After a while, her mother came with their food and then she stayed awhile. Mr. Pryce asked "Who's there?" and she answered back, "Hello, sir. My name is Violetina Reed, Poppy's mother." He tried to say anything but had nothing to say in response to this because he couldn't see her.

"Good God!" yelled Forrester. "What is it, deary?" answered back Violentina. He pointed to the animal-shaped hole in the ground. And the man panicked with astonishment. Then she went over to the stressed boy and tried to calm him down while she sung a lullaby called "Hushing the Little One" that worked on him.

Poppy by that time, wanted to help out but her mother shoved her aside and she stopped her in her tracks. She wanted to question her mother, but she refused to listen to her child. The boy then was calm and he slowly walked away from the area and told the headmaster what was happening and he finally understood. Mr. Pryce at the time was over at his bedroom, and he didn't want to be bothered.

He began by scratching the backside of his head and yelling out loud, "Why are you bothering me, young master?!" The boy wanted to cry but didn't. So he softly answered back, "There's an animal-shaped hole in your greenhouse, sir." And he finally understood and he was taken by the hand by the boy and he led him to the place.

The headmaster was well-known about the area, knew the places where the animals like to dig. And he told them that the animal is a rabbit and that his name was Fluffleton and he's a nice rabbit. They noticed that it was a rabbit too, and they all were thankful for it.

Just as they all relaxed after the whole thing, they all went into the home of the homeowner. Mr. Pryce began to talk about the subject matter of wartime. This war was called "The War of English and French," he said. This war was between England and France.

Now his story told the boy and girl all that of he knew about this war. He continued and spat out fast facts about it like "there's a French soldier named Benoît Grégoire François." Another fast fact, "there's another French General named Jérôme Grégoire Théophile, as the French call it général."

And the girl was surprised at the numerous facts that he had to say about. And he was surprised too. Forrester and Poppy were excited about going off tomorrow and finding some new friends. So they all sat by the fireplace where it rained until dawn and getting warmed up by its glow.

Until the day ended, they all sat there by the fireplace and told some fascinating stories of what it's like to learn about gardening and other gardening techniques, as the children remembered telling them like it's never told before.

As Forrester recalled, "it's like this," he said. "Good things come from planting the seed firmly into the ground." "Firmly?" replied the man, as he questioned the boy. "What do you mean, young master?" "Like this, I'll show you," replies the boy. "Let me give you a demonstration."

Then he grabbed pieces of blank sheets of paper and began to draw the seeds planted firmly into the ground. "I see, young master," replies the man. "Is that all?" he once again questioned

the boy. "Now you get it," he replied. "If you'd closed your eyes and imagine this diorama."

Poppy wanted to draw too, so she drew butterflies. "Do you like my drawings," she asked. "This one or that one?" "I like them both indeed," was his reply. Thus she was delighted with his response.

The day comes to end and Mr. Pryce told everyone to go to their homes. After a while, after everyone went home, he felt his way to his bedroom and laid in his bed to go to sleep. The next morning came; as he awoke from a deep slumber then woke up to an alarm.

"What's that noise?!" he yelled. "Who's there?" but there was no noise, and he thought that he was crazy. He had a scared look on his face; it turned his skin to a white-palish color. "Seriously," he said. "You'd better not be pranking me, whoever you are?!"

Nothing appeared to be there and the room was completely silent. He got out of his bed then sat on his bedside, wondering what that noise was that he heard. "No," he said. "That's crazy, I've heard a noise."

TWO

He got out his Bible and turned to a random page and prayed to God. "Holy Spirit," he prayed. "Let there not be anything, or whatever it is." Meanwhile, after the prayer, he got out from his bedside and felt his way to his kitchen to get breakfast.

Now he got a knock on his doorstep and he wondered who it was. "Who is it?" he asked. "Whoever it is, I've got you behind armed at the door." Shaken and frightened, he opened the door and a tall man was standing with his children. "Hello?" Mr. Pryce questioned, "And whom may you'd all be?" The man has spoken with his accent, "hola, señor. Mi nombre es Señor Gració Vólquez. Mi hijo Hernán Gració Vólquez y mi hija Alejandría Bretaña Gració."

He thought that the man was crazy, as he went to shut his door, the man's son stopped him. "Sir," the boy said. "My name is Hernán, and this is my father and sister." "Hello young master," Mr. Pryce answered to the boy. "And my name is Mr. Pryce."

The boy told his father that the man was Mr. Pryce; the boy's father understood. "Good morning," said the man. "It's so nice to meet you." The man put his arm out to shake hands with Mr. Pryce, and they did so. "My name is Gració," said the man. "I hope you'll like my family because we're new neighbors."

Then the man left with his children. Then the boy comes back a few minutes afterward to get to know his new neighbor. "Hello good sir," said the boy. "I'm Hernán and I am seven." "Nice to know, I guess?" was his reply. "What are you doing back here, young master?"

The boy went into his bedroom rapidly; he grew angry and yelled at the boy. "What are you doing in my bedroom?!" The boy hid in fearfulness of the man. "It's okay, young master," he said. "Why don't you come out?" The boy ran out of his room and out the door. And that left him in a confusion. "That was weird," he said. "What a strange little kid."

Then he went into his greenhouse where he found a guest, "Good evening, and isn't it a lovely day today?" "What the...?" he replied so astonishingly. "Who are you and what are you doing here?" It was Forrester. He then scurried to his feet and perked a smile. "It's me, Forrester. Don't you remember me? I've been your neighbor since I was a baby."

As he went closer to the man, he let him feel his face, and he responded, "Ah yes. It's you, Forrester Cahill." "Yes," replies the boy, "remember me?" Then he left and came back with the boy that Mr. Pryce saw earlier.

"Hello sir," said the boy. "It's me Hernán remember? You'd made me hid in fearfulness from yelling at me." "What?" questioned Forrester, "I thought you were new to the neighborhood?"

"I am," said the boy. "I've moved here not that long ago." "Don't you have any other siblings?" questioned Forrester. "Like a brother or sister?" "Yes, one," said the boy. "Her name is Alejandría and she's ten." "And you are... how old?" question the one boy.

"Seven," answered the other boy. "I'm my sister's little brother." Hernán was seven, small, only the height of 4 feet 3 inches; his hair is chestnut, his eyes were bluish-green; he was muscular and Hispanic. "Are you like Spanish?" questioned the boy. "Speak your main language, please."

"Sí, amable señor," answered the other boy. "Soy de un país llamado España." "What did you say?" questioned Forrester. "Tell me it in English, please." "Yes, kind sir," answered the other boy.

"I'm from a country called Spain." "Okay," said the boy. "Well, that's cool!" "It is?" questioned the other boy.

"I've never heard of that one before." And they've gone into the greenhouse together, united as best friends. Mr. Pryce felt his way to the greenhouse and went in. And he got a random seed from the shelf by his feelings of the shelf and tried to feel his way to Hernán to give him the seed.

"What's this?" questioned the boy. "Why are you giving this to me?" "Here," he replied. "Take this as a present of my gratitude for welcoming new guests." "Gracias," said the boy. "Te ha vuelto mi gratitud más severa, los bendiga." As he felt his way back to the outside of the greenhouse; the boy planted the seed into the ground.

Forrester taught him how to water it and how to give it sunlight. "Thank you, young sir." saying as the boy thanked. "You've got my severest gratitude as well." Then they both watered the seed firmly. "Like this?" questioned the boy, "am I doing this right?"

"Yes," answered Forrester. "Good enough, but you'll learn." The sun peaked through the greenhouse and landed on the spot where they've planted, the boys were happy and excited for whatever this seed would become. "What do you think it'll be?" questioned the boy. "Do you think it'll be a Monte Cassino Aster or a Rose?" "I don't know?" answered Forrester. "But it'll be a pretty one."

The boy left the greenhouse where the boy's father was standing there in disappointment, "¿Hernán?" questioned the father. "¿Dónde estabas?" "Lo siento, papá." answered the boy. "Me he olvidado de estar en casa por la tarde." Then the boy and his father went home. Then they went off into the sunset and then that left Forrester to himself, he never felt this lonely before in his life.

After the boy left, Forrester became lonely. Mr. Pryce then felt his way out and came with a phone in his hands, "Forrester, it's for you. It's your mother." Then he felt his way back into the house and left the boy to his mother.

Five minutes later, the boy hung up the phone. "I've got to go home," said the boy. "My mother wants me." "What for?" he

asked. "Is it an emergency?" Then Forrester vanished through the door, he was misunderstood of what just happened. "I wonder what the emergency was?" he still was questioning. "Wow, that boy was in a hurry or something." As he went into his house, he then heard a knock at the door. "Who is it?" questioned Mr. Pryce. "I'm armed."

Then he opened the door and there, standing before him was a tall woman of the height of 6 feet, the age of twenty-eight, she had long dark black hair, her eyes are bluish-green, her body was scrawny and she was Hispanic. Her name is Alexandria Maddox.

"Good afternoon sir," said the fair lady. "What a lovely afternoon, isn't it?" "And whom may you be my fair lady?" answered Mr. Pryce as he felt her face. "Good afternoon to you too." "My name is Alexandria Maddox," said the fair lady.

THREE

“And whom are you kind sir?” then he put down his armed gun and spoken softly, “Nice name, ma’am,” he responded. “I’m Mr. Pryce.” “Good name,” said the fair lady. “What’s your age?” “I’m forty-four,” he answered. “And yours fair lady?” Alexandria thought about this question awhile, “I’m twenty-eight.” answered the fair lady.

“Do you have any children of your own?” “No,” he replied, “Do you have any?” “Not yet.” answered the fair lady. By that time he asked the fair lady if she’d like to come in for a cup of tea. “How many lumps of sugar?” he asked. “Three.” answered the fair lady. “That is only sufficient?” he then felt his way to the lumps of sugar and tried to feel the sugar cubes. “Three,” he hesitated, “I only like two.” Then he felt his way to the fair lady, and he felt her hand and gave it to her.

She thanked him kindly for the cup of tea. “What’s there to talk about?” Mr. Pryce hesitated to talk about wartime, but she insisted on talking about other things. “Talking is goodly enough,” he thanked. “But there’s so much to talk about.” “How about this,” answered the fair lady. “We’ve never met before, let’s talk about that.”

“Good,” he said thankfully. “We should talk about that.” “Where were you born?” questioned the fair lady. “Europe,

perhaps?" "Why do you say that?" he answered. "Is it my accent?" she hesitated and said, "yes." "I think you're English," she replied to his question.

"Good job my fair lady. That is correct, you have done a good job, ma'am." And that was what he replied to her answer from the previous question. "Thanks, kind sir," thanked the fair lady. "What do you notice about myself?" Mr. Pryce felt her, "you're Hispanic." he answered. "Am I correct?"

"Yeah," she answered. "Good job, sir." She then went to grab his hand to shake it and he noticed her feeling of the hands and they shook hands. Now after a while of talking to each other, they got a knock at the door.

Alexandria answered the door, and she noticed that it was a boy. "Who's this, Mr. Pryce?" asked the fair lady. "He's Hernán," he answered. "He's my new neighbor." "Hello madam." said the boy. "My name is Hernán Gració Vólquez and I'm seven." "Hello young master," answered Alexandria, "nice to meet you Hernán." "Indeed." answered the boy. "Nice to meet you too." The boy came into Mr. Pryce's house and sat on his couch.

"May I watch television?" asked the boy. "I wanted to watch Captain Marvelous." "Who's Captain Marvelous?" questioned Mr. Pryce. "What's his real name?" "He's a superhero." answered the boy. "His real name is Clayvis Kringler, he's from Texas." "Oh," he answered back, "That's cool." He then let the boy watch the television show. "This is a new episode called Doctor Evil," said the boy. "The first season, third episode."

Mr. Pryce was sipping his cup of tea and hearing the boy speak, "that's cool." he replied. "May I watch it with you?" The boy hesitated to tell him it was a kiddy show, but he didn't mind. "Sure," said the boy. Then he felt his way into the living room overheard the show until the boy wanted to go outside. "What is it do you like most about the show?" questioned the boy, "well most of what you've heard."

Mr. Pryce respected what the boy wanted to say. "I've liked the part where he saved a cat from a tree before battling Doctor Evil," he answered. "Me too," agreed with the boy. "I've liked that part too."

Now after they talked, Forrester came back with terrible news. "My Grandma Emphrey Grafford died," the boy said as he cried. "How did she die?" Mr. Pryce questions. "What is it from?" he cried. "She died from a lung disease," he said miserably. "I forget what it was called."

Mr. Pryce thought of what the possible death would be. "It's called *Chronic Obstructive Pulmonary Disease*," he answered. "They abbreviated it to *COPD*." Forrester then asked Mr. Pryce if he could stay around his house and he told him, only if it's all right with his parents. "May I please use your phone sir?" he asked. "You may," he responded. "If you stay around, you've got to do chores." Then he left and went to call his parents; and came back ten minutes later.

"They agreed with it," he responded. "Sir, how much am I getting paid?" "Let me think," answered Mr. Pryce. "I'll pay you, £1,100." Hernán thought of the pricing. "£1,100 equals €1,471.33 in my country," said the boy. "Really?" Forrester said fascinatingly. "That's cool!"

"How do you know?" questioned Mr. Pryce. "That's cool how you've known in your head." "Well," answered the boy. "You'd see. I'm smart for my age at seven-years-old." He was truly fascinated by the head-counted math that the boy did. "Yes," he responded. "You're smart, indeed." "Thank you kindly," thanked the boy. "I am, aren't I?" Then Alexandria told everyone there will be thunderstorms soon. "All of us go in," said the fair lady. "It will pour soon."

They all went into the house and sat by the fire to get warm. It became nightfall and Mr. Pryce told everyone to go home, but Forrester and Hernán. Everyone left, and he told Forrester to get his pillow and blanket from his home. Now that the room was silent, he asked Hernán an important question. "Do you want to meet Captain Marvelous?" he asked. "If you do, I'll take you to see him."

"Yes!" the boy said so excitedly. "I do. But how are you going to do it?" Mr. Pryce told him not to worry about him, he'll make it happen. Then the boy went back home. Forrester came back to Mr. Pryce's house. And then they both rested until the morning.

The next morning came and Forrester awoke early in the morning and Mr. Pryce awoke a little later than Forrester. "Good morning sir," said Forrester. "What's there to eat?" Mr. Pryce thought about it. Then he replied, "There are cereal and bowls in the cabinet. And the milk is in the refrigerator. I'll get the cereal and make your breakfast." "Thank you, sir, kindly," respected Forrester. "I'll take anything you've got."

Mr. Pryce felt his way to the kitchen and the boy went past him and sat at the kitchen table. "I'll give you Honey Munchies," he said as he had only that, "Please," Forrester said politely, "I'll take anything you've got." Then they both ate breakfast. After breakfast, they both went outside and then he gave Forrester his first chore.

"Clean the gardens," said Mr. Pryce. "That's the first chore." Then he gave the boy a garden shovel and told him to be careful. Thirty minutes passed and the boy was done. "What's next?" he asked. "I'll do anything and I'll work hard at it." Mr. Pryce thought of a new chore and gave it to him. "Paint a new color on my fences," he said. "And I'll teach you how to." "What color sir?" Forrester respectfully said. "I'll be happy to paint it whatever."

Mr. Pryce tried to remember the colors he had. "Golden Sunshine," he said. "I've also got Royal Navy Blue, those are my paints." "This is what I'll pick," Forrester replied. "I've chosen Golden Sunshine." "Good," was his reply, "You've chosen well. I would've chosen that too." Then he led him to the supply closet and grabbed the paint can that had *GOLDEN SUNSHINE* written across the lid of the can.

"Here," he said. "Grab the handle carefully. It spills easily." "Okay," Forrester replied. "I'll handle it cautiously." Then he led the boy to the fence to be painted. "Paint it with me; make sure the strokes are straight." He told the boy, "do you know how to do straight lines?" he added as he questioned. "Yes, sir." The boy answered respectfully. "Goodly enough." "Goodly enough?" he asked the boy. "What do you mean by that?"

"Here," he said. "Grab the handle carefully. It spills easily." "Okay," Forrester replied. "I'll handle it cautiously." Then he led

the boy to the fence to be painted. "Paint it with me; make sure the strokes are straight." He told the boy, "do you know how to do straight lines?" he added as he questioned. "Yes, sir." The boy answered respectfully. "Goodly enough." "Goodly enough?" he asked the boy. "What do you mean by that?"

FOUR

“I’m good, I meant.” answered the boy. “Good, like *GOOD*.” Then they both painted the fences until Hernán was standing at the doorway. He then came into the backyard. “Hola, buen señor.” said the boy. “¿Soy yo, Hernán recuerdas?”

“Hello,” responded Mr. Pryce. “It’s you Hernán I remember.” “You know why I’m here,” asked the boy. “Yeah,” answered Mr. Pryce, “I’ve got to get my shoes on, then I’ll take you to him.” “Yippee!” the boy said excitedly. “I will meet my favorite idol, Captain Marvelous!”

Then Mr. Pryce told Forrester to finish and go home, then he took Hernán to questioned. Then he took Hernán to see Captain Marvelous. When he and the boy stepped into the building together, they noticed a man that withstood 5 feet and 9 inches, he was a medium-sized he was buff.

This man was from Crystal City, Texas. When they found this man, the man, and the boy started to have a conversation with each other. “Good evening,” said the mysterious person. “My name would be...” then he paused for a second. Hernán got jumpy and shouted, “You’re Captain Marvelous!” “I know you from your number one hit television show!”

The man revealed his name, “It is I, Captain Marvelous!” he announced in a deep voice. And then he immediately got

swarmed by Captain Marvelous fanatics. He didn't know what to do from that point because of the flashes from the cameras so deeply in his face.

Hernán wanted to get his autograph from him, but it was too late; they were swarming him by floods of loudly, but screaming children. After 10½ minutes of cameras in his face, the mob of people left him alone. Then the boy had his chance to get his autograph. The boy was taken by the hand and led straight toward the famous person.

"Excuse me sir?" questioned the boy. "May I get your autograph?" The man pondered sufficiently about it, and only for his true fan, he gave it to him for free instead of charging 68 pence for it. The boy gazed in wide wonder after his true fan idol gave the signature. "For you," the man said. "It'll be my honor to give it to you for free."

The boy thanked the man for giving it to him for free. And then Mr. Pryce took the boy home, just thanking Captain Marvelous for the autograph for free. When they got to Mr. Pryce's house, he went into the backyard and came upon all golden sunshine painted fences all around himself.

Then he dialed Forrester's parents' number and his mother picked up. "Hello?" answered Mr. Pryce. "Is this Elizabelle, it is Mr. Pryce." The boy's father answered back, "No, this is Adolphard." "Who's calling us?" After that, he realized that it wasn't Elizabelle and asked for Elizabelle over the phone.

"Yes?" questioned Elizabelle, "whom may this be?" he didn't know what she meant, because she already knew him. "It is I, Mr. Pryce." He answered back, "You already know me, remember?" Elizabelle remembered, and she questioned why he called her. He then answered back with the nicest respectfulness you've could give to a woman. "I mean this out of respectfulness," he answered. "Your son, Forrester."

"Yeah?" she answered back, "What about my son?" Then he thought of a possible way to answer, "your son is a great and skilled painter." he said. "You should seriously conceive him as an artist when he grows up." "Gee thanks!" she said, "you're a good influence on my boy."

He said back, "Thanks. You're a nice woman." Then he hung up the phone and climbed right into bed and went to sleep until morning came. The next morning came and Mr. Pryce awoke from his slumber and got something to eat from his kitchen.

As he stepped out of his kitchen, he got a knock at the door. When he got to the door, he heard a loud bang coming from the outside. An FBI agent by the name of César Tomás Vizcaíno Jr. knocked on his door. "Hola, señor. Mi nombre es agente del FBI César Vizcaíno," "hubo una explosión procedente del exterior. Mi tengo su nombre completo por favor?"

He didn't understand what he was saying, so he told him to hold on. Then he called Hernán over for a translation. By the time the boy came over, FBI Agent Vizcaíno came into the house. As the boy came into the door, he told Mr. Pryce about the explosion that just happened just a minute ago.

The FBI agent questioned him, "¿Cuál es tu nombre completo, señor?" "¿No has oído acerca de la explosión?" The man didn't understand that he only spoke a little Spanish, so he got the boy to translate.

The boy asked him what he wanted him to say, and he told him what he was asking. "¿Perdone, amable señor?" asked the boy, "¿qué le pides al hombre?" after the question, the agent just sat on the couch. "¿Le he preguntado cuál es su nombre completo?" said the agent, "¿cómo se enteró de la explosión?"

The boy understood and went to tell him what the agent said. Then after the boy told him, he told the boy to translate another thing for him. "Tell him my name is Mr. Pryce and yeah, my friend Hernán told me." The boy went over to the agent and told him what he said to him.

"Su nombre es el Señor Pryce," the boy told the agent, "Le dije, amable señor." The agent relaxed on the couch and nodded his head when the boy told him. "¿Cuál es tu nombre, chico?" questioned the agent, "¿y cuántos años tienes?" The boy sat next to the agent and told the agent what he questioned. "Hernán Gració Vólquez," answered the boy, "y estoy de siete años."

The agent then left the house and went outside to investigate the explosion. The boy left to tell what the man was questioning him about what they were talking about. "What was all that

about?" questioned the man, "what's going on? Is everything alright?" The boy sat on the couch again and leaned back into the soft spots of the couch.

"I've translated all of your words," answered the boy, "he asked me what my name and age were." Then the boy asked to leave the house, only to come back again. Then he left to go outside, felt and looked inside his greenhouse. In the greenhouse, he found that Forrester and that boy's plant. As it turned into a rose. He remembered that the boys hoped for Monte Cassino Aster or a Rose, so thus it became the Rose of what he hoped for.

After a while, he had left his greenhouse just to come back into his household just because it would rain and he didn't want to get wet. After he felt his way and went into his house, it began to pour rain. Strangely, after thirty seconds after it poured, he heard a knock coming from the outside. So he felt his way to the door and turned the doorknob and opened his door. "Who is it?" he asked, "I've got my fists, and I'm not afraid to use it!"

The person didn't respond, so the person wanted him to be sorry in a certain way. Mr. Pryce yelled "State your name!" and wondered, "And why are you here?" The person couldn't remember the name of the man, so he shook and trembled with a shaky voice. "My-my-my," trembled the person, "na-name is Claud-Claud-Claudius Accur-Accur-Accurius."

FIVE

The boy fell to his knees, “The-the reason why-why I’m here,” he trembled more, “is-is-is, I-I’ve gotten no-no-nowhere to sleep.” Mr. Pryce wanted the kid to stop trembling about his words, so he invited the boy into his house, and then he felt his way to the couch to sit.

He then said to the boy, “where you from?” he asked, “do you have parents?” The boy then withstood, a short only 5 foot 4½ inches tall and talked his tale. “My name is Claudius Accurius,” said the boy, “I believe that is my real last name.” He continued onward, “I don’t remember my parents at all,” he added. “I’m sixteen, and I don’t remember my family, OK!”

He told the boy not to shout out loud and began to question the boy more. “What about a mother or father?” he asked, “do you remember them?” The boy again fell to his knees, but this time begged to stay this nightfall. “Sir?” questioned the boy, “may I withhold this nightfall, and stay here for a night?” He then thought about the boy to stay, and the boy wanted no mercy.

“Surely,” he answered back, “but it’ll cost you a one-night stay.” “Cost?” questioned the boy, “I’m poor enough to be broke.” Thus he then realized that the boy was an orphan. “Claudius?” he asked, “are you an orphan?” The boy revealed his true self and cried softly out loud.

“Yes! Yes!” he answered, “I’m an orphan. I’ve got no parents to take care of myself, I’m hungry, tired and all wet!” The boy shocked Mr. Pryce with such sorrows, and his kind felt bad for the boy.

“How’s this,” he said, “I’ll keep you for this nightfall, and I’ll feed you and you’ll take a shower in the early part of the morning.” The boy got up upon his feet and nearly jumped for joy. “Thank you, thank you.” the boy said respectfully, “your sheltering is payment enough, my great thanks to you.” He wanted to treat the boy with kindness and respect, only because he was sorry for the boy.

“You’re welcome,” he answered, “well let’s get to it, sir.” “Get to what?” questioned the boy, “are we going out in the pouring rain?” He thought the boy was crazy about saying that, “no sir.” he responded, “we’re going to bed for the nightfall.” He and the boy ate a little something, and then they went to bed that night; only to wake up early the next morning.

The next morning came and Mr. Pryce woke up earlier than usual, he woke up to teach the boy how to take a shower. He would shout “Claudius Accurius!” then he would tell the boy, “Please wake up!” After the boy awoke, they both ate breakfast and got showered.

After they showered, Mr. Pryce had to make sure the boy knew how to get the towel wrapped around his body correctly. “Boy does I...,” he said, “...know how to teach you about many things.” “Ah,” responded the boy. “Yes, sir. You know about a lot to teach a boy like me.”

“Like this,” the man responded. “You wrap like you’re swaddling a baby child, you see?” The boy went with the man’s teachings and wrapped himself as the man taught him. “Like that?” questioned the boy. “Am I correct, no?” Mr. Pryce had to redirect the boy instead of teaching him the way.

“Here,” he said, “let me instruct you differently.” The boy was a little feisty, and at first, wouldn’t let him touch his body. But after a while, he calmed down and let him. “Sir, I...,” said the boy. “... shh!” said Mr. Pryce, as he finished the boy’s sentence. “But sir?” questioned the boy, “I must!” “You must what...?” replied Mr. Pryce.

The boy said, "I insist. I wanna learn your true ways, sir." He wanted the boy to have no trouble, so he changed his mind and went with the boy. "I'll give you," he said. "I'll give this a chance." The boy almost noticed that Mr. Pryce was only trying to make him happier and free. "Are ya noticing?" questioned the boy. "About what?" responded the man.

The boy replied, "About how a boy like me, could learn numerous ways like yourself." Then he added, "I've learned a lot since you've helped me out." "Thank God for that, boy." he responded, "how come you've got no parents?"

The boy sadly looked off at the distance and frowned. "I was only four," answered the boy, "my mother was abused by her husband, and they had to shield me from that pain." He wanted more of the boy. "Your mother," he answered. "She was abused by your father?"

The boy almost cried, "yes!" he yelled. "It's true! Daddy was abusive!" He wanted the boy to remain as calm as possible. "Daddy no!" the boy screamed. "Try to calm down young master!" Mr. Pryce wanted him to calm down. The boy wanted to be calm, but he thought of his father beating on the mother.

"Daddy!" shouted the boy, "Don't you dare hit mama!" he's remembering. "What you say boy?!" he remembered his father saying, "Don't you dare talk like that!" The boy's bad memories made him sad.

"Oh daddy!" said the boy, "don't you hit me please!" He then told the boy it was okay for him to remember those memories. But that it's not okay to say them out loud. "Don't you want something?" he asked the boy. "Don't you *want* something of mine?"

The boy scurried to his feet, "surely I do!" he said. "I want you to become..." "... become what?" he replied to the boy. "I want to have you like my new daddy, please!" He thought about that of which the boy asked and gave it deep thought processes.

Then he replied, "I'll cut you some slack boy. I don't think so, not yet." The boy nearly jumped for joy before he shot his wishes down. "Okay," the boy said sadly, "I respect your wishes, master." He wanted him to become a son, but not of his.

He thought about it, "Here's the deal. I've got a nice lady for yourself." "And whom may that be?" said the boy, "what's her name?" Mr. Pryce wanted to think of the lady that would be just right for the boy. "The name of the lady is Alexandria Maddox," he answered, "she'll be waiting for you for the right time." "Who's this Maddox lady?" questioned the boy, "what's her age?"

"The lady's name is Alexandria. And her age is twenty-eight." Mr. Pryce answered. He talked about the lady to the boy. Then the boy understood what was to become of the lady he so desperately needed. Mr. Pryce then wanted to call the lady after the boy came outside. Then, the boy left. Mr. Pryce got a knock at the door, it was a woman.

"Who is it?!" yelled Mr. Pryce, "I am armed, you hear me?!" Then the woman spoke. "Bonjour!" said the woman, "Ce est moi, Madame Angélique. Je suis à vous parler de quelque chose." He was astonished by what the woman was speaking, so he opened the door scarcely.

"Bonjour!" said the woman nicely. He answered back, "Bonjour madame. Mon nom est Monsieur Pryce." The woman looked at the man with her hand on her heart. "Bonjour, Monsieur Pryce," she answered back, "Mon nom est Madame Angélique."

As he looked out the doorway to see if anyone else was there and let the woman into his humble home. "Se il vous plaît, se il vous plaît," he said letting her in, "entrez, madame, je vais vous faire du thé, ce est votre saveur préférée?" The woman entered his house and sat on the couch.

"Non, non," she said, "je ne bois pas de thé, avez-vous un café?" He was shocked that the woman wanted coffee. "Non, madame," he answered, "je ai reçu que du thé." He only had tea, no coffee. "Ce est très bien," she said calmly, "Où puis-je prendre un café?" Mr. Pryce thought about that question.

SIX

“Je sais,” was his answer. “Il ya un café à Southampton.” “Quel est son nom?” she questioned. “Cafétéria de Frédérique.” Then she grabbed her purse and pocketbook and went out the doorway. “Attendre!” yelled Mr. Pryce. Then he went to feel his way and catch up with Madame Angélique.

He felt his way to Madame Angélique and asked her if he could get into her vehicle. “Madame?” he questioned, “puis-je se il vous plaît entrer dans votre voiture?” She immediately responded, “Bien sûr, mon bon monsieur.” He then felt his way to her passenger door and felt upon to open it.

Then she got into her car and drove following Mr. Pryce’s directional skills. “Alors?” he asked, “parlez-vous anglais?” “Yes,” the woman responded in her best British accent. “I’m Miss Angélique.” “Do you have any last name?” he replied. “If yes, what is it?”

“No kind sir,” she responded, “what’s your first name?” He responded, “Nah, I can’t tell you that.” “Oh okay,” she calmly responded. “I’m a single woman.” She then rapidly said out loud, “I’ve got nobody to be my husband.” He agreed, “Me too! I’m a single male, just as you’re a single female.”

“Okay,” she responded. Then he gave her the directions to the cafeteria he told her about. They entered together and ordered

coffee and tea. She then took him back home and left, then Mr. Pryce slept. The next morning came and Mr. Pryce awoke from a deep slumber. After the long night of riding with Madame Angélique in her car.

“What a long night,” exclaimed Mr. Pryce. “How much could I take from a French mistress?” After he got up and felt his way around his home and walked his entire way from his master bedroom then into his kitchen. Then he got something to eat, and as he finished, he walked his way to his greenhouse where there he found an unusual unwelcomed guest at the doorway of his greenhouse.

“Hello,” said the unwelcome guest. “Who are you?” he questioned. “I am Christlynn Shaylee Phillips,” said the guest. Mr. Pryce questioned, “Why are you here? And where are you from?” The guest thought out loud and concluded, “I’m here for a reason,” exclaimed the guest.

“I’m from Houston, Texas.” “Why are you here?” she questioned back. He told the guest of his story and how he became the world’s finest greenhouse master in all the lands of Blackthorne. He replied, “I live here. You silly little girl.”

“Silly?” she questioned weirdly, “What do you mean by silly?” Mr. Pryce wanted to be the nicest possible, but she mistook him for a mean old man. “What’s your problem?” she questioned angrily, “I’m just a little girl!” He didn’t mean to hurt or crush the little girl’s feelings, but what he said the girl took by mistake.

This girl was short, the age of nine, 4 foot 4 inches, and her hair was a light brunette, her eyes hazel, she was normal, somewhat muscular and she was American. He didn’t want her to take everything he said for granted but she was a little misunderstood with her true feelings.

“Well sorry sir,” she said, “I didn’t mean to take that for granted.” “It is fine,” he answered back, “no need to apologize.” “But I insist,” she insisted. “I apologize for my actions.” He surely did not think she needed to apologize, but she did anyway. As the guest wanted to come into his house but he told her not to, and that it was rude of her.

“Come on into my greenhouse,” he said. “It’s in my backyard.” “Why?” asked the guest, “it’s not like I live right down

the corner.” “Where do you live?” he questioned. “Lemme tell ya a story.” “Okay,” he answered. “It all began when mama told me to go outside. She would have my baby brother walk with me till the dawn of the moon.”

She continues her story, “Mama wouldn’t have let me have my baby brother out of my sight. She would kill me, plus my father would before her.” “My bro is the only thing my parents cared about except myself.” As she finished her story, “Dada would love for me to take care of my baby brother, as my life depended on it.” Mr. Pryce made a puzzling face at the guest.

“He’s only four-and-a-half-years-old,” she continued. “Dada would murder me before mama could.” “Ah,” he said. “I see.” “Only God can judge me,” she said faithfully, “and don’t forget about his lovely son Jesus Christ.”

“Yes fair lady,” he replied. “Why do you call me that?” she questioned. He had to think deeply and smoothly about his answer. “It’s a polite way to address and form a kind girl.” He continued, “Like yourself, my lady.” “You call me master,” he insisted, “It’s the polite way to address a man.” “Really?” she questioned. “Shall I politely call you master?”

“Yes, fair lady.” He answered back, “Call me master or Mr. Pryce.” As she came to his doorway to the backyard and tried to open the door, he stopped her in his doorway. “Where would you be going?” he questioned. “Nobody but me is first out of my doorway to my greenhouse.”

“Yes master,” she answered. “I sincerely apologize.” He made his way to the girl and her face. “Ah yes,” he said. “What’s your name again?” “My name, sir?” questioned the girl. “It’s Christlynn Phillips, why?” “How old are you Christlynn?”

She replied, “I’m only nine.” “Nine huh?” he said. “I remember when I was nine, let me tell you a story.” And a story he told. “Mummy would take me to the bus stop every day of school, she would always hold my tiny little hands and tell me ‘it will be a fine day at school correct?’ I would answer back, ‘Yes mummy’ and she would send me on the bus ride to Chelmswood Elementary School where I would sometimes get beat up by Skylark Parker, he’s a bully.”

“What would Skylark do to you?” she questioned. “He would give me Indian burns, punch and kick me, call me stupid and ridiculous names and other things that bullies do.” “Ooh, ouch!” she said. “That must have hurt you, huh?” He said back “Yes, but that’s my past.” “What’s an Indian burn?” she asked. “An act of placing both hands on a person’s arm,” he continued, “and twisting it with a wringing motion to produce a burning sensation.”

“Ouchies,” she stood still. “That must have hurt when that mean old bully did those to you.” “Yeah, but that’s still my past,” he told her again. “There’s nothing I could do about it, he beats me up all he wanted but that’ll never hurt my pride and joy.”

As a while passed, and as he made his way to the greenhouse and Christlynn followed him from the back. “You’ll see different flowers and flowering pots,” he said. “What kinds?” she questioned.

SEVEN

He concluded back, "All different types, my lady." Christlynn wanted to be a part of the excitement, so she jumped ahead of Mr. Pryce and startled him. "Whoa!" he said startling, "watch where you're goin' my lady." She apologized back, "sorry master."

Christlynn noticed one flower she saw before and stopped in its tracks of dirt. "Sir, do you know what kind of flower this is?" she questioned him. "Yes, I most certainly do, I own all these flowers and know each one of them." He continued, "They're called Plumeria, you know?"

She then took a whiff of the beautiful flowers. "Smells good," she said. "Yeah, I know, master." As Christlynn finished sniffing the flower, she went over to another flower and smelled it. Thunder strolled, and she left. He went in and slept. The next morning came and Mr. Pryce awoke from his own slumber and he felt his way out of bed and felt his way to the fridge to grab cereal and milk to eat breakfast.

"Where's the goddamn Kap'n Choco Puffs?" he said out loud. "Now I gotta feel my way to the pantry to feel if I've got cereal," he added. He felt his way to the pantry to see if he got any cereal. "I'm feelin' but I felt nothing," he sadly said. "Goddammit! Curses!" he angrily said.

As he ranted on angrily he ran throughout his house and calmed down later than usual. "Oh Dear Heavenly Father," he prayed, "I'm coming to you today to speak of you for the help of brand new boxes of cereal, I want to pick out more others than chocolate cereals please help me pick out the right kinds and healthier kinds, please. Amen."

Therefore Mr. Pryce felt his way to his phone to call Alexandria Maddox. He felt and dialed (020)-6087-3405. She picked up a minute after her phone rang. "Hello Mr. Pryce," she answered. "Hello, is this Alexandria Maddox?" he asked. "Yes, how did you get my phone number?" she answered him. He answered back, "I remembered how you gave me your number from my phonebook." "Don't you live in London?" he quickly added.

"Yes, Mr. Pryce." She said, "What are you calling me for?" He answered her "I'm calling you for a kid I've met, he's an orphan." "What's his name and age?" she questioned back. "His name is Claudius Accurius," he answered, "and the age is sixteen." "Claudius Accurius and sixteen, hmm?" she answered.

"Yes madam, that's the truth." Mr. Pryce added. She thought of it as she gave him her answer. "What do you say missus?" he said as he gave her time to think about it. "Sure, I'll adopt him. But it'll take time and money, right?" "Yes. Take him two days from now, and I'll give you £1,074.29 for the offering." "Yes, that'll give me £78,645,189.49; I'll make sure this country gives me less than £543,795 for him." she implied.

"They'll probably take him for £45,345." he insisted. Then Mr. Pryce hung up the phone to dial a taxicab for himself. "Welcome to the Ferdinand Beckham Taxi Co." answered taxicab driver Auggie Beckham, "how may I assist you today?"

"Hello, is this the Ferdinand Beckham Taxi Co.?" "Yes sir," answered the driver, "where's your location and where are you going?" "I live at 435 Southampton Blvd., Blackthorne, England, United Kingdom 43579, and I will find somebody." "Who may that be, sir?" "His name is Claudius Accurius, and why is that any of your business?"

"I'm sorry for being so nosey sire," he politely answered, "but I know who you're talking about, let me come over quickly. Be

sure to be ready for my service sire.” “How much would that be costing me?” “It’s £2.50 per mile, so I’ll give you 50 pence per mile for a break in the cost.”

“Why would you do that, young master?” asked Mr. Pryce. “Cause you know,” he responded, “it’s the least I can do for a fine gentleman like yourself sir.” Mr. Pryce then hung up the phone and felt his way to the couch to lie down until the taxicab came.

“Let me turn on the TV,” he said, “just until the cab came.” “But what’s there to watch?” he questioned, “All there is to watch is boring infomercials and tacky businesses to attend to.”

Thirty minutes have passed, and the taxicab beeped its horn and had the meter running. “I’m coming!” Mr. Pryce shouted, “Just wait a few goddamn minutes, like bloody hell!” He didn’t realize that it was Auggie Beckham and just couldn’t wait to apologize for cursing and shouting out loud.

Mr. Pryce then got himself ready for the roadways, felt his own way out of the doorway and made his way into the taxicab. “Good evening sir,” said the driver, “I will take you to the boy, please buckle up and enjoy the ride; it’s gonna be bumpy and harsh.”

“Ok,” responded Mr. Pryce, “how much per mile is it again?” “50 pence,” answered the driver, “I’m cutting you a cheap break, remember?” “Yes, young master,” said Mr. Pryce. “How much if we drove 5.52 miles?” questioned Mr. Pryce, “It will cost £1.75, sire.”

“It will not take long is it, young master?” he asked. “Nope, about 12.5 miles.” The driver responded, “it’ll only cost you £3.97, sire.” “Good. So it’s just up Wolverhampton Street, correct?”

“Yes,” answered the driver, “Any more questions?” “Nope, I’m satisfied.” He responded. “Enjoy the bumpy and harsh ride, sire.” said the driver. A few minutes passed, and the driver came to the location, and they withstood the orphan boy.

The driver beeped his horn, and it startled the boy and he hid through the shadows of the alleyways. Mr. Pryce paid the driver and told him to wait there for him, so he shouted “Claudius Accurius!” “It’s me, Mr. Pryce.”

The boy seemed like he vanished, but Mr. Pryce could hear his footsteps. “What do ya want?” the boy responded. “I’m here,

don't worry." Answered the man, "I'm here to take you, don't you remember that deal?" "Um..." the boy trembled, "yes, sir. I remember it thoroughly."

"Why don't you..." the boy stopped the man. "Why don't me what?" the boy interrupted. "Why don't you come with me?" Mr. Pryce said eagerly, "I'll take you to her house." "I'll do what's best for me," the boy answered. "I'll go, but it will not work." "What do you mean?" he answered back.

"I'll go, but it will not work." The boy repeated. As the boy slowly peeked his head through the cracks of an old building only to see the pure sunlight. "I'm coming," said the boy, "but I'm not gonna enjoy it."

The boy took Mr. Pryce by the hand and they both came into the taxicab together. "Take us to Ms. Maddox, please." The boy said politely. As the driver took them to London to come upon her doorway. Once they got there, the boy took Mr. Pryce by the hand and led him to the doorway of Alexandria Maddox.

EIGHT

And so the boy rang her doorbell. “Hello?” she answered, “Who are you, kind sir?” “I’m Claudius Accurius,” responded the boy, “I’m here to see um a Ms. Maddox.” “I’m here,” she told him. “Alexandria Maddox is my name.” Mr. Pryce told her what they talked about.

Then she allowed them in her house and they negotiated between terms and contracts. Once they negotiated the terms with the contract agreements, they went to an official court of law. They were next in line after the man named Gregorius Moncrief, wherefore his case was shorter than they expected. “State your names,” said the judge, “and why are you here?”

“I’m Mr. Pryce,” he said. “I’m Alexandria Maddox,” she said. “And I’m Claudius Accurius.” the boy said. “We’re here for the legal actions of adoption, Your Honor.” “Ok,” said the judge, “You may all sit.”

Then the judge began his “Rules of the Court” speech, “these are my rules,” he ended, “and please obey them.” A few moments turned into hours and the judge finally accepted the adoption papers before Alexandria changed his name and had to sign them.

“Sign the dotted x,” said the judge, “and he’s all yours after payment is due.” “Thank you,” she accepted, “my sincere

acceptances, Your Honor.” Then she paid and signed her name on the line and she now owned the boy’s new name.

“What are you going to call me?” questioned the boy. “Your new name,” she said, “will be Quantavius Dionardo Maddox.” “Quantavius, huh?” he said, “I love it, mum.” She was all tingly when he called her mum, “sure, you can call me mum now.” The boy waited patiently until they got out of the courtroom to praise her for that.

“I sincerely praise you,” said the boy, “and I love you, mum.” They left the courtroom and went back to her household. “My my,” said Mr. Pryce, “I’m like your daddy.” “Daddy?” questioned the boy, “how come?” Mr. Pryce wanted to surprise them with a ring but had none.

“Let me get a taxicab again,” said Mr. Pryce. So he did. A few minutes passed, and a taxicab came to pick him up. “Take me to Francine’s Jewelry, please,” he told the driver. So the driver drove him to the store and paid him. An employee was there to help him out, and he picked out a wedding ring that was her size.

“How much is this one?” he asked. “It’s £1,147.33,” said the employee, “if it’s this ring you’re asking for?” “It’s a 14k yellow gold ring with diamonds, right?” Mr. Pryce asked. “Yes sir,” said the employee, “it is sized 7½, is that ok?” “Yes,” he answered, “that’s fine.” Then he paid for the wedding ring and got a taxicab and drove to his house for his collection of engagement rings and drove back to her house.

Once he paid both drivers for his trips back and forth, he bent down on one knee and got out his engagement ring. “Will you please marry me, miss?” he said politely. “That’s sweet,” she answered, “I will.” So they kissed each other. The next month came, and it’s now August 1950, and Mr. Pryce introduced that he was getting a wedding to occur.

Then they both got married on the date of August 5th, 1950. After they got married, they flew to Rome for their honeymoon, where they got to sightsee. Once they were there, they got to meet the Italian president Luigi Einaudi in a place called Quirinal Palace.

Then they went to other sites to see all over Rome, and they kissed all day long. Then it became nightfall, and they flew back

to England where they came to her household. Mr. Pryce was getting sick and was sitting on the couch day and night, so Alexandria called 999 for an ambulance. Then the ambulance came and took him after the discussion of what happened since they went to Rome.

Alexandria and her son came to the hospital after the ambulance got there. Then they both came into his room where he was all wired up with an oxygen mask and an IV. "Oh honey," she cried, "please don't die!" Then the doctor came into the room and told them what happened to him.

"This is the issue," Dr. Elberton said, "It's called Pneumonia." "What's that?" questioned Quantavius. "Lung inflammation caused by bacterial or viral infection," answered the doctor, "in which the air sacs fill with pus and may become solid." the doctor continued, "Inflammation may affect both lungs (*double pneumonia*), one lung (*single pneumonia*), or only certain lobes (*lobar pneumonia*)."

As they were shocked by this, the doctor made them leave the room. An hour passed, and the doctor came out with terrible news. "Your husband," said the doctor, "he's been sick and close to death and needs to be hospitalized." The doctor gave them a moment with Mr. Pryce.

"Dear Lord," the boy prayed, "don't let daddy die, and see if your angels can watch over daddy. Amen." Then he cried softly. Alexandria cried at her husband's bedside, "oh please Lord!" she cried, "don't let him die! I'll do anything just to keep him!" Then the doctor came back and told them they had to leave, and they left for him to hope for him to stay alive.

Fifty minutes passed, and the doctor came out with more news, "he'll be okay but he will not live long." Then they both praised the Lord and came into his room to see him ensuring that he's remembering. "Honey," said Alexandria, "it's me, I'm here baby." "A-A-Alexandria?" mumbled Mr. Pryce, "I will be ok, but I'm not living long."

"You are fine, I see daddy," said Quantavius. "Is that you, son?" he answered back. "Yes daddy, I know the news." answered the boy, "I'll do whatever it takes to keep you happy." Then they left to give him some rest and came out of the room before the

doctor told them he's got to be hospitalized until he feels better sufficient to return home.

And they knew they could see him any day they wanted until he passed. Then sadly as they came out of the hospital and cried, they went back home with the faithfulness he'll be okay. Alexandria and her son would've cried every day until Mr. Pryce came back home, and they knew he'll be hopefully better. A few weeks passed, and they went back to the hospital to see how he was feeling. Then they checked into the hospital to visit his room, and they went back into his room to visit him.

"How are you feeling daddy?" asked the boy. "I'm feeling 88% better," he answered back. "So you good enough to return home?" asked Alexandria. "Yes, it'll take time with the discharge papers." And they waited for the doctor's handwritten signature on the discharge papers.

As the doctor signed the papers, he left to go home. Once they all got home from the hospital, they carefully hugged him, praising the Lord that he stayed goodly enough to be okay. "What's this even for?" Mr. Pryce questioned, "Knowing I'm still alive, but according to my doctor, I've only got two weeks of my life left. So don't be happy or sad yet."

After a while of hugging him, they wanted to do things with him he never did before. They drove him to wherever he wanted them to go, "where do you want to go, daddy?" questioned the boy. "Take me to a place called Buckingham Palace please."

NINE

Then they drove him to the palace. "Why do you want to go here daddy?" questioned the boy. "Because I wanted you all to meet King George VI; the Monarch of England." Mr. Pryce answered. They went through the gates just to come to a halt, "and who are you guys?" asked the guard, "who are you to see?"

"We're here to see England's King George VI please," answered Alexandria. "What for?" questioned the other guard, "he's not here," the guard continued, "but I order you, you must leave the palace grounds." So they left the palace grounds and went to another place he wanted to go to.

"Take me to see my great-uncle please," he asked. "What for?" asked Alexandria. "I want to tell him I'm dying soon," he answered, "I want him to come to my beloved funeral." Mr. Pryce gave them directions to his household, and they helped him out of the car after they got there and they went into the house.

"Good afternoon," said his great uncle, "what are you doing here, Keithan?" "Viktor Walczowski, I have terrible news," he answered back. "How come there is always bad news?" his great-uncle said astonished. "I'm dying in two weeks," said Mr. Pryce, "so please could you come to my funeral?"

Then the room was completely silenced and nothing was making noise, not even the slightest sounds of a squeaking

mouse. "Sure, Keithan." his great-uncle responded, "I would love to come, but don't you forget about me." "I'm sure I won't," he answered, "I'm just going to miss you all."

Then they left the house and went back home and helped Mr. Pryce water his garden a final time. And he said his goodbyes to the animals that burrow under his garden. "Bloody hell!" screamed the boy, "why God? Why does he have to end this way?!" Then sadly after this day passed they all went to sleep. And Alexandria kept a close eye on himself to ensure he wouldn't die in his sleep, and then the next morning came and the sun was shining so bright and the sounds of birds chirping was buzzing throughout the air.

They drank tea together and had fun. "Would you like more tea?" Mr. Pryce responded with a 'yes' and thanked her. "Thank you kindly dear," he said to his wife. Then the boy awoken from his slumber and was tired and wanted breakfast.

Then they made breakfast together and ate breakfast until they were stuffed from eating too much. "What shall we do today, daddy?" asked the boy. "Let's go out to the park," he answered, "then we can get ice cream from a place I know on Kensington Avenue."

Then after their breakfast was eaten, they went to the park together by walking; they helped him walk there. "Let's go to Sumton Park," he insisted, "it is right next to the avenue that has the ice cream place."

So they walked to the park and he insisted that they go to, where they watched as the children played on the playing grounds. They watched until they got bored and left, after that a while, they left at ten o'clock in the morning. Then they walked to the place he suggested and they got the ice cream they wanted.

"What kind do I want?" asked the boy. "Get what you want sonny," he answered back, "as long as I'm paying, get whatever you want." Then the boy got at least three flavors he didn't know about. "What kind is this one, miss?" the boy asked the nice lady.

"strawberry, sir." answered the nice lady, "Is that what you want sir?" The boy just picked the flavor and two more, "what kind is this one?" "It's cookies-n-cream, sir," she answered. "Do

you want this flavor?" Then the boy chose the flavor, and that left him with one flavor.

"Let me guess this one, is it chocolate?" "Yes," answered the lady, "do you want it?" So the boy chose the flavor, and that was it for him, then it was Alexandria's turn for her flavors. She picked the flavors and sat down to eat them. Then Mr. Pryce chose him and then sat along with his wife and then came along the boy.

And they all sat together eating their ice cream flavors and enjoyed their ice cream while it lasted. "Where do you want to go next, daddy?" asked the boy. "Let's go home for the rest of the day," he answered back. So they came back home after their ice cream.

After they left to go home, it became the afternoon, and they rested until the nightfall, and that became the end of the day. Then they did nothing for five days, and that turned from five days to a week. And then it was the month of August, though, in the year 1950.

Then came along the funeral of Mr. Pryce, and they all gathered to come to his funeral. Then they got a pastor named Pastor Randy Schultz, and then they sang Amazing Grace as they carried his body to the front of the service. Pastor Randy said a soft prayer as they carried the body to the front.

Then Forrester said the Lord's Prayer out loud, "Our Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name. Thy Kingdom come. They will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, The power, and the glory, For ever and ever. Amen."

Then they sang "Holy, Holy, Holy" and other songs too. As they all said a short speech about Mr. Pryce, Alexandria and their son started it off, and that left Forrester. And the rest of them said their speeches and said their final goodbyes. As the pastor sang more hymns as they were done to carry his body to the front. They all prayed for him. And that was his funeral.

EPILOGUE

As Mr. Pryce enjoyed his life with his friends, he lived as long enough to be happy with learning about new friends and cultures. Mr. Pryce was a nice man who enjoyed growing things in his greenhouse, and that he learned a lot from the different friends and cultures he learned from different people in his life.

After the story ended, as you know Mr. Pryce has died, he loved to see new things about the glorious life he endured. He didn't know he had real fans in real life of this story being told.

He loves all of you guys who are reading this story and he can't appreciate more of you guys in his story's life. Sure, growing up with him being a youngster, he got bullied and didn't let that phase him. He loved to be the people's favorite person to be loved and appreciated.

In conclusion of the story, Mr. Pryce had died a peaceful death and is making his way up to heaven where he could be adored by God. And that he knows his greenhouse will lead onward unto many who take part in it. In real life, my Nanny Marie Christy died on August 22nd, 2013. That's what I compare this story to with the elderly dying. Please give me an opinion on what you think about this book.